

# Tokyo Hat Shop

**By: Kiba Sniper**

A beret catches Mako's eye. Ryuko doesn't see what's so special about it.  
Ryuko/Mako.

Status: complete

Published: 2021-02-11

Words: 710

Rated: Fiction K - Language: English - Genre: Romance - Characters:  
[Ryuko M., Mako M.] - Reviews: 1 - Favs: 7 - Follows: 4

Original source: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/13815969/1/Tokyo-Hat-Shop>

Exported with the assistance of [FicHub.net](https://FicHub.net)

# Tokyo Hat Shop

[Introduction](#)

[Tokyo Hat Shop](#)

# Tokyo Hat Shop

femslash february 2021 prompt 10: daisy. "ryuko-chan, let's go on a date!" and "i wanna go on a date with you!" lives rent free in my head.

Tokyo Hat Shop

"Ryuko-chan! It's amazing!"

Ryuko grunted as she looked over her shoulder. A toothpick stuck out of her mouth. She nibbled on her takoyaki, savoring the hints of green onion mixed into the minced octopus. Spitting out the toothpick, it landed into another ball and neatly punctured the top.

"What's up?" she asked, grinning when she found Mako pressing her cheek against a storefront window.

The hustle and bustle of the city paid them no mind. People dressed in clothes of their personal choosing continued on their way. Over the beeping of cars and chattering citizens, Ryuko couldn't help but admire the array of fabrics, colors, and brands surrounding her until Mako snatched her hand and dragged her closer.

"Check it out! Right there!" Mako exclaimed, jabbing her finger rapidly against the glass pane. Ryuko wondered how it wasn't shattering with the sheer force Mako exerted.

Following Mako's finger, Ryuko found its endpoint. What had captured Mako's attention was within a hat shop. A variety of caps, bucket hats, fezes, and fedoras were presented on wooden racks, hooks, and fashionable mannequins. They were crafted with different fabrics, most of them cotton, wool, or fur with the mannequins wearing straw hats or leather beanies.

Mako beamed at a black, wool beret sitting on the center of a table. In Ryuko's opinion, it seemed perfectly ordinary. Compared to the

surrounding berets with their array of colors and accessories, Mako's beret blended in with the crowd..

A quick glance at Mako's expression affirmed to Ryuko it was special. Whatever it was about the hat sparking Mako's interest prompted Ryuko's own curiosity. Before she could inquire, Mako grabbed Ryuko's hand just as she stuffed another takoyaki into her mouth and hauled her inside the shop. The bell above the entrance clamored as they barreled through the door, Mako's footsteps thundering and reverberating throughout the store.

Mako skidded to a stop in front of the beret, laughing. Ryuko swallowed her takoyaki and smiled at the befuddled associates and customers. She crumpled the package and tossed it into a nearby trash can.

"So, what's the big deal with it?" she asked, licking sauce off her lips.

Mako gasped. "Don't you see it?" she exclaimed, and she stretched the beret in front of Ryuko's face.

As an employee asked them to stop toying with the merchandise, Ryuko hummed. It really was something only Mako's keen eye would notice. Embroidered in the side was a small, white daisy with a yellow center.

Mako plopped the beret on Ryuko's head, her grin infectious. "It looks great on you! Just like I knew it would!"

Ryuko tilted her head back and found a full-length mirror leaning against another rack. Compared to the bomber jacket and jeans she wore, the beret seemed too flouncy. But Mako wreathed her arms around Ryuko's waist and rested her chin on her shoulder, her squeal echoing behind tightly pursed, smiling lips.

"Yeah, it does look pretty slick on me," Ryuko said, her grin lopsided and pressing into her cheek.

"How much is it?" Mako wondered, tugging on the price tag. She sucked in a deep gasp, her brows knitting together. "Holy crap! This is highway robbery! How can they charge this much for a beret?"

Ryuko smirked. She reached into her pocket and pulled out her red leather wallet. Mako hummed, mischief underlying her understanding tone. Ryuko slipped out a credit card and placed it between her index and middle fingers. "Might as well run up my big sis' bill a bit more for all those stabbings she gave me, right?"

"It's Satsuki-sama's way of penance! Her words, not mine," Mako chirped, and she snatched a furry, gray ushanka from the shelf and plopped it on her head. Flipping the flaps, she gushed, "'Let's get this, too! It looks cool, and it's so warm!"

Ryuko laughed and wrapped her arm around Mako's shoulder. "Hell yeah it does. I'll get one to match."

(When the time came to pay her monthly credit card bill, Satsuki rescinded Ryuko's privileges to her bank account and chopped up her card.)